

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1830

NO. 23.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES

Written on a blank leaf of "Alnwick Castle, and other Poems."

Halleck! thou genius of the eagle eye,
Who soar'st by instinct towards the sun of fame,
Who can'st at will awake the smile or sigh,
Dispel our sorrows and our passions tame;
Originally great! thy course may be
Checked only by the wand of destiny.

Columbia's gifted minstrel! strike thy lyre,
And breathe its strains on nature's holy shrine;
'Tis she that warbles in its strings of fire,
And throws the inspiration on thy line;
Weave! weave around thy brow the fadeless wreath,
The wreath of fame—the conqueror of death!

PIPER.

MISCELLANY.

FILIAL VIRTUE ILLUSTRATED.

This touching story, says the N. Y. Atlas, is told in an Edinburgh paper, and deserves, as the relator expresses himself, to be handed down to the latest generations. It will, we think, engage the feelings and improve the heart of any ingenious reader.

Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, "and having nothing better to engage our attention," said one of them, "we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him, he took hold of the maiden, (the rammer) struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at this adventure. 'This work seems very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, sir; I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.' 'Where are they, then?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the Honorable East India Company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray, what has become of the third?' 'Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he resumed the discourse. 'And has the oldest, this degenerate son—this captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate: my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father; he has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burthened with a

very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment a young man passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you!' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who, like one beside himself, attempting to speak, and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying, 'Where is he, then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me—come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. W., one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; we would gladly have given a hundred thousand to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honorable family; we request the honor of you and yours to dinner in this inn.' The Captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant, he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers:—'Gentlemen,' said he 'to day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My Uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver; but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only little more than eighteen. My soldier like appearance had been observed by Lord C., the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman, who died on the passage, but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.' After

dinner, the captain gave his father £200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers—promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory, which he was about to establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in different circumstances; and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favors of fortune.

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR.

From a book under this title published in London, and confined principally to the events preceding, pending and following the battle of Navarino, we find in the London Literary Gazette the following extracts.

The following scene on board the Genoa, after the fight, is very forcible:

"I found some of the men engaged in burying Rooney, the only man that had a wife aboard. Mrs. Rooney sat on the truck of a gun, her face hid in her hands. As they proceeded to put him overboard, she started up, and told them to stop a few minutes; she then went down upon her knees, and stroking back his curly hair, patted his cheek, exclaiming, 'Poor Jim! poor Jim!' Then clasping her hands together, she rose, but immediately dropped down, senseless, on the deck; four of the men carried her to her birth, while I bent my way to my own mess. The deck was quite dark, save the glimmering light of a candle here and there, stuck in a purser's lantern suspended from the battens. When I came to my birth I was welcomed by the whole of the mess more like a brother than a shipmate: but this day made us all brothers; feuds and animosities were buried in forgetfulness; and many who had entertained bitter hatred at one another, would be seen shaking the hand of friendship together. I took my seat, and commenced looking about me to see if any of the old familiar faces were missing: but it was difficult to recognise my messmates in the curious group of ferocious-looking banditti that surrounded me. They were all dressed in shirt and trowsers, with handkerchiefs round their heads, and pistols and cutlasses at their belts. Their faces were black with smoke and gunpowder, and several who had been wounded with splinters had large plasters about their cheeks. To heighten the effect, gleams from the blazing Moslem vessels cast every now and then a red glare into the birth. I found, on inquiry, that two of my messmates besides Morfiet were killed. We talked of the behaviour of the ship's company, and the probable consequences of the battle. Tom Elliot came down with a monkey of wine, and said, 'D'ye see, shipmates, the purser's steward has filled the monkey up to the brim! now, come, we shan't be sogers. Hand us the tot from the inside there, and let us all drink round.' We drank to the memory of our good old captain, and all who fell on this

glorious day. I found the wine revive me greatly, and soon went on deck to have a view of the scene of battle, by the light of the Turkish fleet that was still blazing in all quarters."

The following is also characteristic:—

"The Turkish vessels still continued to burn, and the discharge of their heated guns, at intervals, sounded like minute guns lamenting the devastation of the day; while the gentle breeze that began to blow at night, as it whistled through the tattered remains of our rigging, seemed to mourn for the brave men who had fallen, and who now lay 'full many a fathom deep' in the blue waters. About ten o'clock I heard a melancholy voice right under our stern, crying, 'Ali! Mahomet!' Jack Mitchell and I rose, and, looking under the stern, we saw two Turks clinging to the rudder, and sending forth their ejaculations for God and Mahomet to save them. We could offer them no assistance, strict orders had been given not to allow any of the enemy to come aboard. The poor fellows seemed as if they could not hold on long. In about five minutes one let go, and soon after the other, both sinking in the water with the half-articulated cry of 'Ali! Ali!' Mitchell returned and stretched himself on the deck, saying with an affected air of indifference, that he 'would be blessed if he would be again disturbed in his snooze for all the b—y Hometans in Christendon.'"

Another affecting extract, and we have done:

"The morning before we reached the island of Sicily, Captain Moore of the marines, who had been wounded in the action of the 20th, died; his wound, which I believe was in the thigh, having mortified. He was an old man, and as much beloved by his own men as the commodore had been by us. A coffin was made, perforated with holes, and the body deposited in it along with shot and bags of wet sand, to make it sink. It was laid, covered by a union jack, on a grating, fixed against the ship's side, the outer edge of which was raised to a level by two shipropes held fast by two men, so that at the word being given, by letting go the slips, the grating dropped like a hinged door against the side, and the coffin would fall into the sea. The order was given to toll the bell, and the ship's company and officers, in full uniform, mustered, all hats off, on the upper deck, as near as they could to the gangway, the fore and main chains were crowded, and all stood in respectful silence to see the coffin consigned to the deep. A file of marines was ranged on the gangway, to fire three volleys over their commander. The chaplain commenced the funeral service for a person buried at sea. 'Not a sound was heard,' but the breaking of the water on the weather bow, while the solemn voice of the chaplain rose at intervals, and seemed to be borne along on the winds. When he came to the passage, 'We commit his body to the deep,' the slips were let go, and the coffin sunk into the white-topped wave that ran under the lee of the ship. The marines fired three rounds over him; and this concluded the funeral of Captain Moore, who was buried nearly opposite the cloud-capt top of Mount Etna."

HISTORICAL.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

At that awful period, when England was convulsed with civil discord, and Cromwell with his partisans were contending against the scattered forces of the King, William Mortimer, a young and zealous loyalist, used every exertion to forward the success of his lawful monarch. He left his family, then living in retirement near Chepstow, to join the standard of Charles, who was marching with an army from Scotland into the southern part of the country, expecting to be reinforced by his friends, and all those who were discontented with the wild enthusiasm of Cromwell and his followers. These expectations were, in a great measure, disappointed. The royalists, in general, were not aware of their King's approach, and the Scotch, on whose assistance he had confidently relied, were deterred from uniting with them unless they previously subscribed to the covenant. In this posture of affairs Charles encamped at Worcester, and was compelled to hazard that fatal battle, the result of which is so well known. Mortimer was one of the few, who, escaping from the field, accompanied the King in his flight; and although history is silent upon the subject, it has been handed down by tradition, that Charles, dismissing all his faithful attendants, for fear of hazarding a discovery, and accompanied only by William, who was well acquainted with the localities of the country, resolved, if possible, to escape into Wales. The attempt, however, was frustrated by means of the various passes of the Severn being so well guarded by soldiers, who were every where eager for his apprehension, not so much in obedience to the commands of their generals, as on account of the immense reward that was offered for his person.—Not dismayed at this unexpected failure, they travelled by night (hiding themselves in marshes and among the river reeds in the day time) and, with much peril and exertion, contrived to reach Monmouth. Here they soon perceived that it was impossible for them to remain long without being discovered; and Mortimer, having arranged his plans accordingly, seized a little boat on the banks of the Wye, and covering the King with the bark of trees, suffered the vessel, during the night, to be carried by the current till it reached a range of romantic rocks, on the banks of the above mentioned river. Here they landed, and, letting the boat drift with the stream, to elude pursuit secreted themselves in the natural recess of the cliffs. Mortimer had sufficient confidence in the faith of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to confide to her the secret of the King; and as he was afraid to make his appearance near a place where he was so well known, this loyal and affectionate girl, at the hazard of her own life and honor, brought them, at the dead of the night, their provision. One fatal night she was traced to the spot by a militia-man, who was eager for the destruction of his sovereign, and on her return was seized and confined by this ruthless traitor. In the meanwhile, Mortimer, fearful that a discovery might take place from these midnight interviews, in a neighborhood where he was so well known, and anxious for the further safety of his royal master, whose danger was increased by delay, ventured to descend from their secret cave, to the residence of a peasant, who was under the greatest obligations to him, and informed him that a friend of his, a cavalier, who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, was anxious to get out of the country. The old man was sworn to secrecy, and the King was immediately confided to his care.—

Mortimer then retired to his hiding place, with the intention of passing the remainder of the night, but his pursuers, with their hot blood-hounds, were then hunting about the spot; he saw the light of their torches glaring among the caverns, and heard the cliffs re-echo the howling of the wolf dogs, as they forded the river, and climbed the precipices, in the eager pursuit of their prey. He attempted to retreat, but in vain; the monsters of death were already fast approaching, and after a short, but desperate struggle, he sank down, bleeding and exhausted, under their greedy fangs. The pursuers called off their dogs in order to save his life, that they might extort of him a confession of the King's retreat; they succeeded in muzzling the ferocious animals; but when they lifted their victim from the blood-stained sward where he had fallen, they found him stiff and cold in the arms of death; they passed their torches before his face, but his eyes were forever closed. Even the barbarians themselves, when they looked upon his well proportioned limbs, and saw his fine and manly countenance, beautiful in death, cursed the cause that betrayed them from their allegiance, and compelled them to the commission of a crime, at which their hearts now shuddered. As they had gained nothing by their cruelty, they released their unhappy captive next morning, without making her acquainted with the bitterness of her destiny. She hastened towards the spot of her lover's retreat, anxious for his safety, and yet scarcely daring to proceed. It was in the month of October; the morning was chilly and cold, the dew drops were lying thick upon the lank blades of grass, and a gray mist was rising from the earth, which partly obscured the distant objects. She ventured onward, invoking Heaven for the safety of her lover, (for then she thought not of the King,) when suddenly turning her eyes to the ground, she witnessed the object of all her solicitude, lying on a cold bed of turf before her. He, who had often hailed the sound of her footsteps, was now heedless of her approach; his cheek, with her pure kisses, felt not now her pale and delicate lips as they fed greedily upon the death damps of his face. She passed her white fingers over his brow, and when she saw them smeared with the unnatural stain of livid gore, she laughed in the delirium of her despair, till the sound of the mountain echoes, mocking her tone of misery, awoke her to the burning realizing sense of her soul's agony. A fisherman who had witnessed the scene, at this moment approached the spot; she looked wildly round and beckoned him away, but when she saw him still advancing towards her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few minutes was on the summit of an adjoining precipice. She waved her white arm for a few minutes, as in triumph, and then sinking upon her knees at the utmost verge of the overhanging brow, she crossed her hands over her face, and instantly bending forward, sank gently into the deep dell below. Such was the aerial delicacy of her form, that not a limb was bruised, and nothing but the absence of breathing indicated the calm triumph of death. The unfortunate lovers were buried in one grave, and nothing is left to perpetuate their memory but the imperishable cliff, which rises, like the Genius of History, over the spot, to consecrate their immortal fame.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF CAPT. DILLON.

The following extraordinary narrative is extracted from Capt. Dillon's account of a voyage to ascertain the fate of La Perouse's expedition. After detailing a variety of conflicts between his party and the savages of the Beete (commonly cal-

led the Feejee) islands, in which several of his men were killed:—

"The miserable remnant stationed on the rock beheld the cannibals preparing their ovens to bake those they had killed; and this occupation having in some degree abated their fury, Captain Dillon reminded them that eight of their people were prisoners in their ship, and that unless he and his companions were safely conveyed on board they would be certainly put to death. The High Priest's brother being one of the captives, this representation induced him to consent to a man being sent to the ship for their release.

"This man proceeded as directed, and I did not lose sight of him from the time he left us, until he got on the ship's deck. A cessation of arms took place in the meantime, which might have continued unbroken, had it not been for the imprudence of Charles Savage, who put a greater temptation in the way of the natives than they could withstand. During this interval several native chiefs ascended the hill, and came within a few paces of us, with protestations of friendship, and professed us security if we would go down among them. To these promises I would not accede, nor allow any of my men to do so, till Charles Savage, who had remained on the islands for more than five years, and spoke the native dialect fluently, begged of me to permit him to go down among the natives with the chiefs to whom we were speaking, as he had no doubt their promises would be kept, and that, if I allowed him to go, he would certainly procure a peace, and enable us to return to the ship. Overcome by his importunities, I at last gave him my consent, but reminded him that I did not wish to do so, and that he must leave his musket and ammunition with me. This he did and proceeded about two hundred yards from the foot of the rock to where Bonasar was seated, surrounded by chiefs who were happy to receive him, their secret determination being to kill and eat him. They conversed with him, however, for some time, and then called out to me, in the native dialect, "Come down, Peter; we will not hurt you, you see we do not hurt Charley!" I replied that I would not go down till the prisoners landed. Meantime the Chinaman Luis, stole down the opposite side of the hill, unknown to me, with his arms, for the purpose of placing himself under the protection of a chief with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom he had rendered important services in former wars. The islanders, finding they could not prevail on me to place myself in their power, set up a screech that rent the air. At that moment Charles Savage was seized by the legs, and held in that state by six men, with his head placed in a well of fresh water, until he was suffocated, whilst at the same instant a powerful savage got behind the Chinaman, and with his huge club knocked the upper part of his skull to pieces. These wretched men were scarcely lifeless, when they were cut up and put into ovens ready prepared for the purpose. We, the three defenders of the hill, were then furiously attacked on all sides by the cannibals, whom our muskets however, kept in great dread, though the chiefs stimulated their men to ascend and bring us down, promising to confer the greatest honors on the man who should kill me, and frequently enquired of their people, whether they were afraid of three white men, when they had killed several that day? Thus encouraged they pressed close on us. Having four muskets between three of us, two always remained loaded; for Wilson being a bad shot, we kept him loading the muskets, while Martin Bushart and I fired them off. Bushart had been a rifleman in his own country, and was an excellent marksman.

He shot twenty-seven of the cannibals with twenty-eight discharges, only missing once. I killed and wounded many of them in self-defence. Finding they could not conquer us without great sacrifice on their part, they kept off and vowed vengeance. Having no more than sixteen cartridges left, we determined as soon as it was dark, to place the muzzles of our muskets to our hearts, thus to avoid the danger of falling alive into the hands of these cannibal monsters. At this moment the boat put off from the ship; and soon got close to the landing-place, where we counted the eight prisoners landing from her. I could not imagine how the Captain could have acted in this strange way, as the only hope presented of our lives being spared was by allowing a part of the prisoners to land, who would, of course, intercede with their friends on shore to save us, that we might in return protect their countrymen on our return to the ship. By this precaution not having been attended to, all hope seemed now fled, and the only means of relief left consisted in the dreadful determination of destroying our lives in the mode already mentioned. Shortly after the eight prisoners landed, they were conveyed unarmed up the rock to me, preceded by the priest, who informed me that captain Robinson had released the eight men, and sent a chest of cutlery, ironmongery, &c. on shore for the chiefs, with orders that we were to deliver our muskets to them, and that he would see us safe to our boat. I replied, that as long as I lived I would not part with my musket, which was my own property, as I was certain they would slaughter me and my companions, as they had done Charles Savage and Luis. The priest then turned to Martin Bushart, and harangued him on the policy of complying. At this moment the thought entered my head of making the priest a prisoner, and either to destroy him or regain my liberty. I tied Charles Savage's musket with my neck handkerchief to the belt of my cartridge-box, and presenting my own musket to the priest's head, told him that I would shoot him if he attempted to run away, or if any one of his countrymen molested me or my companions. I then directed him to proceed before me to the boat, threatening him with instant death in case of non-compliance. The priest proceeded as directed, and as we passed along through the multitude, he exhorted them to sit down, and on no account to molest Peter or his countrymen, because, if they attempted to hurt us, he would be shot, and they of course must be aware they would, consequently, incur the wrath of the gods in the clouds, who would be angry at their disobedience of the divine orders, and cause the sea to rise and swallow up the island, with all its inhabitants. The multitude treated their priest's injunctions with profound respect, and sat down on the grass. The Nambety (which is the term for priest) proceeded as directed towards the boat, with the muzzles of M. Bushart's and Wilson's muskets at each of his ears, while the muzzle of mine was placed between his shoulders. Finding that night was approaching, and anxious to prolong life, I had recourse to this dreadful expedient, being aware of the influence and sway which the priests in all barbarous nations have over their votaries.

"On getting to the boats, Nambety made a sudden stop. I ordered him to proceed. This he refused doing in the most positive manner, declared that he would go no farther, and that I might shoot him if I liked. I threatened to do so, and asked him why he would not go to the water's edge. He replied, "You want to take me on board alive, and put me to the torture." There being no time to spare, I told him to stand still, and turned

my face to him with my musket presented, threatened to shoot him if he attempted to move until I got into the boat. We then walked backwards to the water-side, and up to our breasts in water, where we joined the boat, and no sooner got into her, than the islanders came down and saluted us with a shower of arrows and stones from slings. Being thus once more out of danger, we returned thanks to Divine Providence for our escape, and proceeded towards the ship, which we reached just as the sun was setting."

MORAL.

INFIDELITY.—BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The signs of the times betoken danger to the religious and moral hopes of the country. Apostles of infidelity are abroad in the land,—infidel publications are liberally patronized—the institutions of religion are openly violated—the day of prayer is profaned with blasphemy. The storm is not muttering in the distance; it is near at hand—the thunder peal is breaking over us; and we to our civil rights and religious liberties, if the friends of christianity slumber, like the inhabitants of the idol of old, "quiet and secure," when the spoiler is at their very threshold.

We would not magnify the danger. It is apparent to all. The principles of evil have been industriously disseminated, and their fearful product is beginning to appear. Materials have been long accumulating for a dreadful catastrophe,—the volcanic pile has been kindled, and already the incipient flashes of an eruption are bursting from their prison-house.

We do not act as the partisan of any sect, or as the slave of an exclusive creed. The spirit of thought and free inquiry has been active within us; we are among those who rejoice at the march of mind; and should be among the last to welcome the superstitious bigotry and intolerance of past ages. But judging, as we do, from the effects which the doctrines of licentiousness and infidelity have produced, where there has been ample opportunity for their development, we cannot but deprecate them in our own highly favored country. The horrors of the French revolution are fresh in memory—that bloody chart of untold and almost unimaginable crime is unrolled before us. To produce such a "wilderness of human suffering" and mental depravity, a terrible machinery had long before been put in operation by the master spirits of infidelity, Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia, and D'Alembert and Diderot. No exertions were spared by these men to render their vast plan effectual. They sent forth their disciples on every hand. They obtained the control of every literary institution—every seminary for education, and every important office in the gift of the French nation. Years passed on—the surface of society remained to outward seeming, tranquil and secure, whilst beneath, the earthquake and the flame were warring with each other. But they burst forth at last; and a deluge of blood rolled over the land underneath an atmosphere of fire.

Then was the triumph of infidelity complete and terrible. The altar and crucifix were thrown down, the superstition of ages passed away, and the chains of priestcraft were broken. Had the revolution paused here, had its leaders been satisfied with this victory, all would have been well. But a darker purpose remained to be accomplished. The Legislators of France, in their delegated authority, formally and publicly denied the existence of an over-ruling Deity. A dissolute and shameless courtesan, was placed in the hall of National Legislation, to personate the "Goddess of Reason," and homage was paid to her publicly by the representatives of the nation. At this period the situation of France was dreadful. The smoke of her torment went upward like a thick cloud, in the view of other nations. The guillotine drank blood in every village; the prisons were thronged with victims; the churches were closed up; and the voice of prayer and the solemn gathering of men to worship, were no longer familiar things. The idea of woman was no longer associated with those of purity and holiness. The young and beautiful had breathed the poisoned atmosphere, and the angel became a fiend. Modesty—that crown of light to the female character, was no longer considered as a virtue; and licentiousness, open and abhorred, became prevalent in every grade of society. Then it was, to use the words of a powerful writer on the subject, "as if the knell of the whole nation had been tolled, and the world summoned to its execution and its funeral."

There was the glory of infidel philosophy made manifest. The same principles which are now disseminated through our own country, prepared the way for that dark period of crime. But in the moral sense and virtuous power of our citizens, we hope to find a counteracting influence. We hope to find professing christians of every denomination ready to oppose the march of principles so malignant and terrible, as those of infidelity. It is their duty to forego disputes, which are always unprofitable and unnecessary, about creeds, and doctrinal peculiarities; and to stand shoulder to shoulder in firm and prayerful opposition to their common foe.

EPITAPHS.

There is no department of literature, perhaps, that has been exercised more than this. There is no man, however humble in society, who wishes to lie "to dumb forgetfulness a prey;" and every person, whose friends can command the means, has a memorial of wood or stone, with a suitable inscription, to say when and where he was born and buried. In many churchyards in England there is not much variety in these modifications of mortality—and little pains are bestowed in penning the *hic jacet*. The stone-cutter is generally the poet, at least it is he that supplies the poetical part of the inscription from his common place book; the same serves for many customers, and there are about forty or fifty of this kind, which you see repeated in almost every burying ground in England. There are however, occasionally to be met with, those that are peculiar and remarkable for their beauty or singularity. They are either the productions of the best poets of the time, or of some very whimsical humorist who was the author of his own epitaph. Of these there have been copious collections made by tourists, and many volumes have been filled exclusively with such mortuary memorials. Still there is left something which has not been noticed; and an industrious man may glean either old or new which have escaped a predecessor. As I have just returned from a ramble through part of Ireland, England, and Scotland, and have felt a degree of curiosity on the subject, I shall send one or two which I find noticed among my memorials.

THE TOMB OF A VICTIM TO CRITICISM.—Some years ago, an anonymous writer attacked the Dublin stage in a bitter but witty satire, called "Familiar Epistles." This was attributed to a certain literary character distinguished in the political world, but, if the effect assigned be true, he has small reason to be satisfied with the cause; it does little credit to his head and to his heart. Among the persons attacked was Edwin, the co-

median; and, it is said, he never again held up his head. He dropped like a mortally wounded man, and died shortly after. His wife, as a memorial of affection to the melancholy fate of her husband, erected a tomb with the following inscription in St. Werburgh's churchyard, Dublin, where I went to see and copied it:

Here lie the remains of
MR. JOHN EDWIN,
of the Theatre Royal, who died
February 23, 1805, aged 33 years.
His death was occasioned by the
Acuteness of his sensibility.
Before he was sufficiently known to the public
of this city to have his talents
properly appreciated,
he experienced an illiberal and
cruel attack on his professional reputation
from an ANONYMOUS ASSASSIN.
This circumstance preyed upon his mind
to the extinction of life;
while he was in apparent bodily vigour he
predicted his approaching dissolution.
The consciousness of a brain rending
with agony, accounts for that
prescience, and incontrovertibly
establishes the cause of his death.
This stone is
inscribed to the memory of an
Affectionate Husband,
as a tribute of duty and attachment,
by her, who, best acquainted with
the qualities of his heart,
can best record their amiability.

There is not on stone, I believe, such another epitaph as this, in either ancient or modern times, recording the death of a man killed by a literary attack. Horace alludes to the death of Lycambes in consequence of the severity of Archilochus' verses; and in our own days, one of our periodicals is nicknamed the Keats-killer, because it is supposed to have murdered a poor poet with the same weapon; but no person had put it on their tombs, and this, I suppose, is the first monument ever erected to a man murdered by a critic.

ADVANTAGES OF A SQUINT.—A gentleman in the south of Ireland received a visit lately from a party of Rockites, who were armed with sticks. He had just time to seize a pistol, which he cocked, and presented towards the party. "Be off, said he, you set of villains or I'll shoot one of you at all events. I have my eye upon him at this moment." Luckily for himself he was blessed with that happy and pictorial obliquity of vision which caused each particular ruffian to fancy himself to be the marked man, and they withdrew without obtaining the spoil they had come for.

NINE PINS.—The late Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every Parliament, who were facetiously called, "Lord Lonsdale's nine pins." One of the members thus designated having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering? "O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's nine pins."

The clergyman of a village in Leicestershire desired his clerk to give notice there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk immediately as the sermon was ended, rising up, called out, "I'm desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman." Mr. L. of course, corrected the awkward, yet amusing blunder.

We extract the following little poem from the London Juvenile Souvenir, as one, powerful in its simplicity, to interest the hearts of both parents and children:—

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

A FACT.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spoke of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

For some had gone with daring foot the craggy peak to gain,
Until they seem'd like hazy specks to gazers on the plain;
But in the fathomless abyss an icy grave they found,
Or were crushed beneath the avalanche, that starts at human sound.

And there I, from a shepherd, heard a narrative of fear—
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear.
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous,
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:—

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some transient lamb, a victim from the flock.

One cloudless sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed was done, a shriek of grief and pain—
A cry, I humbly trust in God I ne'er may hear again.

I hurried out to learn the cause, but overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.

Oh, what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,
His infant made a Vulture's prey, with terror to de-scry!
And know with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free;
At intervals I heard his cries, a shriek and stifled scream!
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot they seem.

The Vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,
A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite!

All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed upon a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reach'd,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleach'd!

I chambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away,
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay—
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred,
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head!

That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,
Who often stand, and musing gaze, nor go without a sigh."
And as I journeyed the next morn along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]
ANECDOTES

OF THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.—The acquisitions of these lads seem to proceed nearly *paripassu*;—they have both learned a good deal of English, and speak it very nearly alike. They have also, of late, been taught whist, at which they play tolerably well, and of which they are very fond. And one of the remarkable traits attending this is, that they play the game *against* each other, and most honorably (we have seen single-bodied players not quite so correct) abstain from looking into each other's hands.—The other day Chang played *dumby* against Eng, and a partner and a very interesting contest it was.

Recently, when they were indisposed, they took medicine together, and were affected precisely in the same manner; but when medicine was administered to the one and not to the other, no effect was produced on the exempt.

A curious exemplification of their separate state is afforded by the grand mystery of dreaming. Not long since the individual who sleeps in the room with them observed one extremely disturbed in his sleep, and the other so violently agitated that he screamed out. He hastened to awake them, and on inquiring what was the matter, the one that was disturbed told him he had dreamed he met his mother; the other who was more agitated, that he thought somebody was cutting off his hair. The hair, by the way, is a cherished ornament. In sleeping, they lie on their back, with their heads generally, as far apart as possible or convenient.

While asleep, if you touch one, you also awake the other. But it appears that though a sensation is communicated, it is not the same sensation. For example; if one is tickled to cause laughter, the other knows you are tickling his brother, but he does not feel it. This is the case whether he sees what is done or not.

They are smart in their remarks, and very excellent mimics and imitators. The other day Sir A. Carlisle was enforcing the expediency of their being taught how to read; and by way of demonstrating the thing, he made a big A on a card to show them. This he did, pronouncing in sound pedagogue style *A a a*. The boys immediately sounded the letter so like their instructor as to create considerable merriment. He then went to B and C; but while doing so, they had got a little impatient, as school-boys will with their teachers, and one of them interrupted him, upon which he exclaimed "Pshaw, pshaw, attend to me." So the lesson continued till Chang took the pencil to make the letters, and held it in his hand in the most awkward way; upon which Sir Anthony interfered to set him right; but the scholar was close in all, and in his turn exclaimed "Pshaw, pshaw, attend me!" He nevertheless drew the A capably in his own mode.

On another occasion a visiter, impressed with the idea that their religious instruction ought to be attended to, spoke to them on this subject. In his investigation of their condition, he asked, "Do you know where you would go if you were to die?" To which they replied quickly, pointing up with their fingers, "Yes, yes, up dere." Their saintly friend, unluckily for himself, persevered in catechising, and questioned them, "Do you know where I should go if I were to die?" to which they as promptly answered, pointing downwards. "Yes, yes, down dere." We are afraid that the laugh that followed was likely to efface the memory of the well-meant attempt to imbue their minds with Christian knowledge.

With regard to their speaking to each other, though they do not so often, yet they occasionally converse. It has, also,

a singular effect to witness the two speaking together at the same time on different topics to different persons. This they will do if two beautiful females happen to address them together; for they have taste enough to be very partial to beauty in the other sex. They are much attached to the wife of Mr. — one of the individuals who brought them over.

DEATH OF MURAT.—In his last painful scene, Murat behaved with more dignity than might have been expected.—When, according to usage, the Tribunal despatched one of their body to ask his name, &c. he hastily cut short the vain formula; "I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the Two Sicilies: begone, sir!" He heard the sentence unmoved. He then requested permission to see his companions: this was refused; but permission was given him to write to his wife. His letter was affectionate and affecting; he enclosed in it a lock of his hair, and delivered it unsealed to Capt. Stratti. When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the place of execution,—as calm, as unmoved, as if he been going to an ordinary review. He would not accept a chair nor suffer his eyes to be bound.—"I have braved death," said he, "too often to fear it." He stood upright, proudly and undauntedly, with his countenance towards his soldiers; and when all was ready, he kissed a cornelian on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word thus—"Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!" Thus perished one whom death had respected in two hundred combats. Murat's widow—(Napoleon's sister, Caroline)—still resides in Upper Austria, under the name of Countess Lipano. Of his two daughters, the eldest, Maria, is married to the Marquis Popoli, of Bologna; the younger, Louisa, to Count Reponi, of Ravenna. He left also two sons; the elder of whom is a citizen of the United States, and said to be a youth of very superior promise.—*Family Library.*

From the London Atlas.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS."

White-robed wanderers of the deep,
Whither speeds your trackless way?
Towards some islet's rocky steep,
Crowded mart, or swelling bay?
Polar ice, or tropic clime,
Where long brooding mystery slept?
Region whence oblivious Time
Hath the mouldering empires swept!

Bear'st thou in thy wind-swept ear
Wealth to purchase wealth again?
Or the elements of war
Thundering o'er the turbid main?
Hid'st thou in thy hollow breast,
Hearts with manly vigor warm?
Courage with his lofty crest,
Venturous Beauty's fragile form?

Heeds't thou on thy rapid course
All the dangers of the wave,
Stretching reefs, or breakers hoarse,
Wrecks that strew the watery grave?
Chambers where the mighty sleep
Powerless as the infant dead,
While the unfathomable deep
O'er them binds its curtain dread?

Gleaming pearls their pillows light,
Coral boss'd with ruby gem,
Builds their mausoleum bright:
What is Ocean's wealth to them!
Should'st thou, when the tempest's wrath
Mingles cloud with surging sea,
Tread that same sepulchral path,
What were all Earth's gold to thee?

Prayer's soft breath thy sails can fill,
Guide thee prosperous on thy way,
Though perchance the pilot's skill
Yield to peril and dismay,—
Though the needle's baffled care
Point not to its destin'd pole,
Still the God who heareth prayer,
Rules the sea, and saves the soul.

ITEMS.

A steam Engine of ten horse power, on an improved principle, the weight of which is not to exceed 800 lbs. is now building near the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company's lot, by a gentleman, a native of New Hampshire.

An Upholsterer in Montreal offers twelve cents per pound for *gentlemen's whiskers*. This is poor encouragement for cultivators to part with their crops. It shows, however, that the article is advancing in value.

Pennsylvania Legislature.—A standing rule was adopted in the house of representatives at Harrisburg, on Friday week, forbidding *smoking*, either in the hall or the adjoining rooms. The vote stood, ayes 61, noes 33. A motion was made to include *snuffing and chewing*, which failed.

Among some late Indian signatures, we find that of Solomon Jonnycake.

The following curious superscription was observed on the back of a letter a few days since.

To Mr. —
any where in the state of Pennsylvania or Maryland, where there is a Canal, Rail Road, or Bridge building. The last time I saw him was in Cecil county, near the mouth of Conowingo Creek, Maryland, on the Susquehanna river.

What will not ingenuity devise? A manufactory of frame houses has been established in Philadelphia. The manufactured article is to be transported on the canal.

The following advertisement accompanied by a one dollar note, was received on Friday.—We give it a conspicuous insertion.—*Editors N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

To the Ladies.—Any Lady from 20 to 28 years of age having a fortune of her own, sufficient to maintain her in the style she wishes to move, and wishing to take a partner for life, may hear of a Gentleman 28 years of age, fair appearance and address, domestic habits, and the rough business qualifications (his only fortune,) who would be happy to connect himself with a lady of respectable connexions, genteel appearance, and polite and solid education. The fortune of the lady to be settled on herself for life. A line addressed M. B. M. through the Post Office shall be *confidential*, in the utmost sense of the word.

STAMP DUTY ON RECEIPTS.

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise
That should not fall on me."
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
"For those you never see!"

Old Parr, who lived until the age of 102 years, gave this advice—Keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise, rise early, and go soon to bed, and if you are inclined to get fat, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

EPICURUM, WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

This law they say, great Nature's chains connects—
That causes ever must produce effects;
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my effects lost by a single cause!

Etiquette.—The ways of showing respect, vary almost *ad infinitum* in different countries. In England, beneath the same roof, opposite rules prevail. When the speaker of the House of Commons enters, the members rise in honor of his presence. The spectators in the gallery, on the same occasion are ordered to sit.

A Commodious Inn.—The Swan Inn, in Gravesend, has in front a large board, on which is painted the following announcement: "Good accommodation for steam packets." Whether up stairs, or down stairs, or in the stables, is not mentioned.

Muddy Wit.—A black servant, not a hundred miles from St. Andrew's, being examined in the Church Catechism by the minister of the Parish, was asked, "What are you made of Jack?" He said "of mud, massa." On being told he should say "of dust," he replied, "No, massa, it no do, no stick toggeder."

LITERARY.

The third series of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* have just been issued by Carey & Lea. This is probably the conclusion of the series, which will ever continue to be a pleasing library to place in the hands of the young, as well as to impress the historical events of Scotland on the memory of the old. The preface, to the grandson, is replete with wisdom, and like some others of this author's productions, the introduction is by no means the least attractive. The volumes abound in anecdote and narrative.

Ord's Sketch of the Life of Wilson, the Ornithologist, is a small octavo of 200 pages, which tra-

ces with much spirit the career of Wilson from a poor weaver in Paisley, in Scotland, to the unrivalled and scientific author of the most pleasing book ever compiled on any subject of natural history. The journals and private letters of Wilson are constantly introduced, and form a very attractive part of the work. It is published by Harrison Hall, in the Arcade, to form a suitable accompaniment to the improved edition of the *Ornithology*, lately issued, and which, by the way, is eminently entitled to patronage.

Marbois' History of Louisiana, just published, is a translation from the French of the abbe Marbois, and as it gives the history of its acquisition, and the negotiations between Mr. Jefferson's administration and Napoleon, will be deemed, independently of its numerous other attractions, a most valuable contribution to American history. We return our thanks for copies from the several publishers.

We continue to observe evidence of increasing dissatisfaction at the moral tendency, as well as political department of Mr. Jefferson's Memoirs.

Among the new books which are announced in the late Paris papers, is one entitled—*Memoirs of the Revolution*, by *Sanson*, the famous executioner with the guillotine.

M. Bigon, an eminent French politician and writer, whom Napoleon designated as the man to prepare a History of French Diplomacy from 1792 to 1815, is about to publish a History of France from November, 1799, to the Peace of Tilsit, 18 7, in six volumes, octavo. His materials are stated to be fully authentic and principally original.

The memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones have been published in London. The *Courier*, thus notices the work:—

"The very singular career of this remarkable and enterprising naval character, has already formed the subject of more than one publication, as well in the New World, which contains the country of his adoption, as in the Old, to which he owed his birth. The work, whose title we have given above, lays claim to additional interest and greater authenticity than any of its predecessors, as it is compiled from the original journals and correspondence of its hero, now for the first time made use of. The preface briefly and perspicuously traces these interesting documents, and clearly establishes their authenticity.—We shall take occasion to recur to a work possessing claims to attention of no ordinary description, and furnishing details of the life of a man, remarkable on many accounts, with respect to whom, both as regards his individual character and the details of his exploits, great prejudice and ignorance have hitherto prevailed."

The Romance of History: Spain. by Don T. de Trueba.—These two volumes, which have lately been published both in England and this country, are far from possessing the merit which distinguished the two volumes prepared by the lamented Henry Nece on the same plan. Byron has truly said that 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction,' and of course there is an undoubted interest in some matter-of-fact history relating to Spain, which Don Trueba has given to the world. He has sometimes hit the mark in his fictitious embellishments; but in many cases we should lay ourselves open to censure, as having endeavored to perpetuate fiction, if we should say he had done much in the way of romance. Her knights and her grandees were wont to make war upon the trifle of a pin's head; and their fiery exploits have found their way to posterity, orally, by minstrels, and by written records. The Conquest of Grenada, by Irving, exhibits the incidents and adventures of Spanish knights and nobles in a spirited and stirring point of view. Don Trueba has treated of the same country at a different period, and with far less facility or felicity of language. Yet he relates many pleasing fictions with as much spirit and beauty as could be expected of a gentleman who, like Don Trueba, writes in a language foreign to himself.—He has evinced no common share of genius in his two volumes; and if they are not equal to those produced by Nece, it may be urged in his favor that he is no poet, nor is he so familiar with the English tongue as was his gifted but unfortunate predecessor. If the swarms of novels republished in this country were any how equal to the efforts of Don Trueba, it would be better for the reputation of these authors.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6.

Those who enter a great city like Philadelphia, and glance at its surface without a closer observation might be tempted to think that here the genius of happiness and contentment had fixed her residence—stores glittering with all the elegance of life, strewn with the product of every clime, and containing comforts of every description, and remedies for every disease—where one has only to call for the product of the north, the south, the east and the west, and they are before you—where science spreads her stores of knowledge, and ready slaves fly obedient to your call—where the watchmen protect by night, and light your every step from danger—where you are alike shielded from heat and from cold, and all that man has done for his species seems concentrated. Here surely, must be realized the dreams of the poet, and here all must be happy. Let us take a nearer view of the units which compose this great mass of human life, and perhaps we shall see that our stranger in town would not willingly exchange his peaceful retreat in the country, for the condition of any one being whom he was wont on a hasty glance to envy. Here is a store where the most luxuriant fancy may be gratified—the ready shopman is all complaisance and civility, and by his gentlemanly carriage and intelligent countenance he seems the very *beau idéal* of a gentleman—what prevents him from being the happiest of the happy and the gayest of the gay? here certainly is no corroding care; he waits upon his customer with a smile, and makes his daily profit, which supports a lovely wife and gay prattling children, whose evening welcome is the joy of his heart, and the solace of his weariness. Not so fast—that man is at this moment less to be envied than the ploughman, who, when his day's work is ended, goes home wearied to enjoy his undisturbed sleep. At this very moment the merchant whose condition seems beyond the reach of calamity, is oppressed with fear lest his note on the morrow shall remain unpaid, and he is doubling his assiduity to his customers in hopes of relief from his till—the morrow dawns, and ere the watchman has gone his rounds at night, he has the melancholy task of informing his wife that he is a beggar—that he has called his creditors together, and their ruthless grasp will in a short month consign his goods and his furniture to other hands.

Here is a mansion which seems by its exterior, the very abode of hospitality and elegance; neatness and true comfort preside in all its departments, and surely the owner is one of the lords of the land. Enter the interior—all is sadness and woe—disease has attacked the inmates—sorrow is at its threshold—physicians have prescribed in vain, and tomorrow consigns the tenant to his long home, leaving behind hearts which will weep while they have pulses to beat—a widow and her orphans have to struggle through a cold world, and provide for wants which heretofore they never knew.—But this is the lot of humanity, and we did not expect to find you exempted from death.—Let us proceed; who is that young lady who is tripping to market with a servant behind her? She seems by her appearance to have been brought up in the lap of indulgence, and her delicate form is too fragile to meet the wintry blast which is sweeping around her. She is the daughter of an opulent East India merchant, whose losses broke his heart, and consigned him to the grave. His wife without support, was soon deprived of her summer friends, and keeping a boarding house seemed her only resort. She too struggled her few years on the stage of existence, but hastily left the world and her daughters together; they continue the establishment, and earn by daily labor that pittance which the world would else deny them. Too independent to receive support from relatives, their hard task is to make others comfortable, after being taught in infancy to lay the world under contribution to supply their merest whim. She has stopped at yonder door, and is taking from a basket a covered dish—its contents are the sole dependence for the day of a mother and daughter, whose history, though soon told, is full of sorrow. The mother has a cancer which has baffled science, and

she awaits her approaching dissolution with calmness, and, except when she thinks of the prospects of her daughter, who will be turned adrift to seek her fortune, where fortunes are never found. But says our stranger, you have selected solitary cases of woe, and the mass of your citizens are not equally miserable. Would that we thought so—but a close inspection into the recesses of individual conditions will convince you, that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and that happiness and misery are about as equally distributed in cities as in the country; few, comparatively, in either, can realize the condition depicted in the following stanzas of a native poet, and none who cannot, are completely happy:—

"How sweet, tho' transient! man thy tarriance here,
If peace around thee spread her cheering rays,
If conscience whisper in thy trembling ear,
No tale unpleasant of departed days;
Then smile exulting at the lapse of time,
Which wafts thee gently to an happier clime."

Music.—The Morning Journal deprecates the custom now in vogue here, of grinding music on the hand-organ in the streets, and of boys giving their pennies for a tune. We confess when females take up the profession it is not very agreeable; but there are one or two Savoyard men we like exceedingly. There is a pleasing melancholy conveyed by their music, which leaves an agreeable impression on the feelings; and we do not see why children may not feed the ear as well as the mouth, with their pennies. But while on the subject of music—have any of our readers seen the *Æolina*, a very sweet little musical instrument sold by Mr. Hobson in Chesnut street? The tones are more agreeable to the ear than those of the flageolet, and we think not so likely to fatigue. A person possessed of any taste for music may, with the assistance of the little book just published as an accompaniment, soon acquire a knowledge of its intricacies. The price varies from four to nine dollars.

A reprint of the London Mechanics Magazine, is published in Boston, and deserves the most extended patronage. It is the best periodical of its kind ever undertaken; the price only \$2 a year, is about one fourth of what it costs to import it. The Boston Traveller says—"Among the articles we have perused with interest in this specimen number, is one accompanied with an engraving, and giving an account of the famous Petch Steam Boat, which was constructed as long ago as 1796. Instead of wheels, twelve oars, six on a side, were used to propel the boat through the water; and each revolution of the axle-tree moved these oars five and a half feet."

On the subject of steam boats, we are gratified to find the annexed article, though we should prefer seeing Congress do Fulton's heirs justice—"Fulton's Heirs."—The acting Governor of Louisiana, having learned that the family of Robert Fulton are not in affluent circumstances, in his late message to the Louisiana Legislature, recommends that the Legislature improve the opportunity now afforded of testifying the gratitude of the state, for "the share she has received of that rich legacy which his immortal genius bequeathed to mankind." This is most honorable and just."

The Philadelphia Gazette and Morning Journal have both been liberal in promises of furnishing information with regard to the yellow fever which occurred in this city in '93, together with the names and proceedings of the committee of thirty, who so courageously volunteered to minister to the wants of the sick, and actually remained at their posts, visiting those who were deserted by their nearest of kin. The editor of the Journal, who, we believe, is a descendant of one the most active of this band of philanthropists, has in his possession the minutes of the committee. As soon as it is published we shall lose no time in laying it before our readers, and shall add some anecdotes, and a private journal kept by a lady, who remained in town during the whole season of distress, giving the most active assistance to her neighbors and friends, and consigning many of her nearest relations to the tomb, victims to this unrelenting scourge of the human race.

Great age.—We are indebted to a correspondent in Franklin county, in this state, for the annexed communication, which contains an account of probably the oldest human being now alive in America. Our correspondent will accept our thanks, and we solicit from different sections of the country information of things and circumstances out of the common order of nature.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. FEB. 15, 1830.

MR. EDITOR—Enclosed, I hand you five dollars, the amount of my arrearages, with which please to credit me, and accept in addition my thanks for the entertainment your miscellany has afforded me. As it will not perhaps come amiss, while I have pen in hand, I will give you an account of a very old man, now living near the town of St. Thomas, 7 miles west of this place. His name is John Hill, an Englishman by birth, and he is between 125 and 136 years of age. Hill says he was a soldier during the reign of Queen Anne, and was 18 years old at that time—this would make him 134. Hill enlisted and served 21 years, and was discharged; he immediately enlisted, and served again 7 years. The gentleman in whose family Hill has resided for many years, says his age must be at least 125; that till within the last 8 years, he was extremely intemperate. He has frequently known him to remain out during the coldest night in a state of intoxication. When over 100 years of age, he would do as much work as the generality of laborers. In harvest time, when the other hands would be spread about upon the grass resting, Hill would remain erect, saying he rested best in that posture. But a short time back, he was asked how long he expected to live—he replied, "if I always had as good cheese as I am now eating, I would live forever." His mind is not the least impaired, and he is as free from debility, as most men of 60 or 70. At least 20 years ago, when I was a boy, it was the current belief of those who were best able to judge, that John Hill was 117 years old. I have frequently seen accounts of very aged persons in the newspapers, and have wondered that some one acquainted with Hill's great age, did not take the trouble to make it public. If there is any thing, Mr. Editor, in the above, worthy of the readers of your paper, it is at your service, and can be vouched for by hundreds as substantially correct. I believe the common newspaper expression of "the oldest man in the country does not remember such and such a thing," is not much in use in these parts.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

UNRIVALLED LITERARY PREMIUMS.

On Saturday, the first of May, 1830, the first number of THE ARIEL, Volume Fourth, will be issued from the press, improved and beautified in every respect, as far as a liberal expenditure of money can enhance the attractions of a literary publication.

In commencing the FOURTH Volume of THE ARIEL, the Editor confidently expects, from the many improvements to be made, that an increased patronage will be extended towards it. Heretofore it has been liberally extended—now, the inducements to increase that support will be infinitely greater.

THE ARIEL is exclusively a literary publication. It is published every other Saturday, on paper of the finest quality, each number containing eight pages of imperial quarto, (expressly adapted for binding) with four columns on a page. Its contents consist of the choicest literary brilliants from the standard English Magazines and new publications, as Tales, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, Reviews, Sketches of Life and Character, Anecdotes, and the most amusing Miscellany which can be gleaned by carefully inspecting the Foreign and American publications of known and acknowledged merit. In addition to this, nearly four pages of each number consist of original matter, written exclusively for THE ARIEL, being Notices of New Publications, Poetry, Reviews, Tales, Communications, and matter from the Editor's pen—without mingling in the smallest degree in religious or political controversy.

To enhance the value of an imperial quarto sheet thus filled, eight elegant copperplate engravings have been added annually, appearing in every third

number of the work. The price of subscription has been, and will continue to be \$1.50 a year, in advance.

The improvements to be made in the FOURTH Volume are these:—Entirely new type will be procured, with paper of the most superior quality; and instead of only eight engravings annually, the new Volume will contain twelve. The whole will be copperplate engravings, executed in beautiful style, and procured expressly for THE ARIEL. Thus, at the close of the year, a volume will be furnished, suitable for the parlor or the toilet, stored with the most valuable literary brilliants of the day, to which a reference may always be made with the certainty of still finding something, which, even if old, will be pleasing.

As the expense of introducing these improvements will be very great, and can only be compensated by an increase of patronage, the Editor offers the following

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

Any person who will procure sixty subscribers to THE ARIEL, and remit the subscription money in advance to the Editor, shall receive a copy of the *Waverley Novels*, complete in 45 volumes, illustrated by 45 splendid engravings, and warranted to be perfect—together with a copy of THE ARIEL.

Any person who will procure twenty-three subscribers, and remit \$35 in payment therefor, shall receive a copy of Hume, Smollett and Bisset's *History of England*, in nine royal octavo volumes, illustrated by 9 fine engravings—and THE ARIEL.

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The above works are warranted perfect in every respect, and are published by well-known booksellers. The Editor is prepared to supply any demand that may be made for them. He will deliver them to the successful competitors, free of cost, in Pittsburgh, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Richmond, and at his own office. Competitors must say where they wish their copies delivered, and a written order will be forwarded them for the same: as no more copies will be sent to any place than are ordered. It is necessary that all orders for THE ARIEL be received by the first of May.

Three years past THE ARIEL has been supported by 4000 subscribers, to whom the Editor appeals for the fidelity with which all his promises have been fulfilled. He stakes his reputation that the Fourth Volume shall equal the promises above made, and that the premiums offered shall be satisfactory to those entitled to receive them. Gentlemen disposed to compete for any of the above valuable works, shall, on application to the Editor, (if by letter, post paid) be furnished with a specimen of THE ARIEL, and its embellishments, for exhibition among their friends. The premiums will be delivered at the above named places, or sent in any way as directed, but in that case, at the risk of whoever so orders them. Address

EDMUND MORRIS,

Jan. 1830. 95, Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

If those Editors to whom this paper is sent will insert the above once in two weeks, until the first of May, the favor will be reciprocated whenever demanded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Benedict," if his wit were intended for publication, has proved that love has transformed him to an oyster.

"Florian" does not keep his promise. We hope he will soon oblige us with the stipulated speculations.

Why does "Ithacus" linger round church-yards, and "dismal swamps;" such a spirit as his should shun with loathing, every savage scene, and court the circles of the wits and belles.

We will thank "Sophonisba" to be more laconic. It is like carving a tough piece of beef, to get through her four sides of a sheet, and unlike the Frenchman who scraped his plate to set his teeth on edge, our green table is not furnished with any thing to sharpen our literary teeth.

A second grand picture by BENJAMIN WEST, being now in this city, and exhibited by the youngest son of the painter at the Hall of Independence, it may be a proper time to present our readers with a short biography of the painter.

Benjamin West was a native of Chester County, in this state, and in religion he was born a Quaker. He very early shewed signs of a talent for drawing, in which he was not encouraged by his parents, and it is said the propriety of allowing him to follow the bent of his inclination was solemnly debated by the elders of the society. The date of his birth was October 10, 1733. The arts were then almost entirely unknown in America, having certainly no professed followers; notwithstanding this, young West came to Philadelphia and painted several landscapes, two or three of which, executed on the panels over mantelpieces, are preserved in the room where his splendid production of Christ Healing the Sick is now exhibited, in Spruce street.

At the age of sixteen, he crossed the Atlantic and visited the south of Europe. He carefully examined the wonders of the "Eternal City," and all the varieties of art, more precious than diamonds, which are scattered over the classic soil of Italy. Having diligently stored his mind, and by studious application improved his powers of composition, he directed his steps to England, and after a long interval of doubt, finally decided on adopting the capital of Britain as his residence. Young West was one of those who, in 1765, gave the first stimulus to the arts in England, by forming themselves into a society, which three years after, in 1768, was, under the patronage of the King, incorporated into the Royal Academy. Reynolds was the first president; who, after a brilliant career, died in 1792, when the singular spectacle was exhibited to Europe, of an American being elevated to the chair of one of the first institutions in the world. This honorable and distinguished station he held, with a trifling interregnum, until the day of his death, a period of twenty-eight years.

West was undoubtedly the first and greatest historical painter which England has ever cherished and supported. On his arrival, painting was in its infancy—a child wandering about without parentage or support—it had no parent, no home—the liberal munificence of George the Third gave it both; and the three branches of art—Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture—then found a royal protector, who nursed and cherished their youth, and enabled them to reach their present strength and perfection.

The "American," as he was called, at once with the confidence of merit, and the spirit of genius, struck into the bold, but hitherto untrodden, (in England at least,) path of history; and at the first exhibition of the Academy, produced his "Regulus," a picture which displayed his daring and lofty pretensions to talent, in the most elevated branch of composition, thus at once establishing his own fame, and giving to the rising Institution a degree of consequence, which was only rivalled by Sir Joshua Reynolds in another branch of the Art.

The pencil of West, with rapid and masterly powers, wandered through the extensive range of ancient and modern history, and the most sublime parts of the Sacred Writings, which he must have studied with the piety of a Christian, as well as the mind of a Painter. Besides these, the most interesting events recorded in Grecian, Roman, and British annals, were, in the course of half a century, transferred to canvass with vigor, truth, and skill. They formed a very prominent attraction in the annual exhibitions of the Academy.

But it must be remarked, that with all these powers, this constant display of talent of the first order, and with the patronage of a King, West did not become a general favorite until a very late period of his life, and it is a fact that he sold fewer pictures than any other artist of merit then living, and it was not until this great man had passed his seventieth year, and when the exhibitions of his elaborate scriptural subjects had forced public attention, that he received such pecuniary reward as a life devoted to the loftiest flights of fancy justly merited. In consequence of this public neglect, a great number of his best pieces remained in his

possession at the time of his death; these, if we remember right, were offered to the Councils of this city, in pursuance of a plan which there author had long cherished, of forming a splendid gallery in Philadelphia. The price fixed was extremely low, probably not one fourth of what they produced at the late sale in London, but owing to the circumstance of Councils at that time not considering the purchase as within their sphere of duty, the offer was refused, and this refusal must long be cause of regret to our citizens.

After this eminent artist has successfully passed the ordeal of public criticism in England, it would ill become us to attempt to pass our feeble judgment upon his productions. Suffice it to say, the one now on exhibition here is considered by judges to be among the best efforts of his pencil. It has attracted an immense number of delighted spectators in Europe, and in New York twenty-four thousand persons are said to have viewed it. In this his (almost) native city, we have no doubt twice that number will avail themselves of the opportunity now presented, of becoming better acquainted with the talents of a man whom it is our pride to call countryman.

Mr. West died Feb. 10th, 1820, in the 82d year of his age, and it has been remarked that his latest paintings are as vigorous and bold as those produced at any period of his long life. He is sometimes called erroneously Sir Benjamin West; he was never knighted.

The last arrival from Liverpool brings an account of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, West's successor in the Presidency of the Royal Academy. There remains, we believe, no painter of equal celebrity to fill the vacant chair.

The Christ Rejected.—We have seen West's splendid picture, but in a crowded company, and do not yet feel able to analyse it; we therefore copy a short article from the Morning Journal, which conveys in a few words, a good idea of the whole:

"It is not from a single view that the merits of a painting so large in its design as the *Christ Rejected*, can be estimated. In this picture there are five groups, and about one hundred figures, on an area of three hundred and fifty square feet; and of course the design and connexion of the whole are not to be apprehended at a glance. Whether this is an advantage or not we shall not undertake to decide. In the picture at the Hospital, the attention of the spectator is concentrated upon a single subject—the healing of the diseased. All the figures in some way contribute to this impression, with the exception of the enemies of the Saviour, who are not sufficiently prominent on the canvas to interrupt the unity of the scene. In the *Rejected*, on the contrary, there is a greater division of interest. Caiaphas is the most conspicuous personage, yet who can turn from the more impressive submission of the victim himself, the nobility of Pilate, or the fiend-like scowl of Barabbas? These seem to us to be the engrossing individuals of the picture; and perhaps we ought to include the sweet daughter of the Centurion. There are some prominent females in the foreground, but one who has seen the Mary of Guerin's 'Descent from the Cross,' in the Baltimore Cathedral, can scarce consent to look upon a representation less divine."

It is facetiously remarked of Mrs. Austin, that having returned from Boston, she has brought back not only her own notes, but a great quantity of other people's!

Avarice.—It is amazing how little is said nowadays against the vice of avarice. Formerly every good clergyman gave it a regular place in his catalogue of sins to be eradicated, and every writer on morality cut and thrust at it as one of the prevailing weaknesses of our nature. Their efforts seem to have been successful in driving it out of man as well as woman; for we hear nothing about it in these times of extravagance. Thanks to the credit system and the "benefit of the act," there is now no inducement to save money, as those who have not a cent are able to eat, drink, and wear as good things as the richest man in the land. Moralists must veer round and lecture the world for the opposite vice of extravagance, and the sooner they get on this scent the better.

The ladies of Burlington, N. J. have sent a memorial to Congress in favor of the Indians, with 355 signatures.

Anonymous Critica.—There is an excellent lesson conveyed in the Epitaph on EDWIN, which we publish to-day. It should teach these gentry to be a little more on their guard than certain writers of this city have heretofore been. In the case of the one alluded to in our paper of last week, he is strictly anonymous, and though generally known, on the trial of the editor in the suit brought by manager Green, the name was refused to be given up, and the fine and costs fell upon the proprietor of the paper. To say a young actor has all the cardinal faults of the previous debutants, was a breach of truth, and a gross act of incivility. We hope the writer will paste the epitaph alluded to in his hat, and read it between the acts of every play he witnesses.

While alluding to the Epitaph on EDWIN, we are tempted to spare room enough for another which possesses great merit of another kind, and may be inserted in all scrap books with advantage; particularly in those owned by married or single ladies.

Copy of a remarkable Inscription on a Monument lately erected in Horsley-Down Church, Cumberland, England—

Here lie the Bodies
of THOMAS BOND, and MARY his Wife.
She was temperate, chaste and charitable;
But, she was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife and tender mother;
But, her husband and child whom she loved,
seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown;
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised,
with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;
But, imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
But, at home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
and was seldom known to praise or commend;
But, the talents in which she principally excelled,
were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
and, without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family;
But, would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities; But, much more frequently miserable—with her many failings; inasmuch that, in thirty years' cohabitation, he often lamented that, maugre all her virtues, he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
At length, finding she had lost the affections of her husband,
as well as the regard of her neighbors,
family disputes having been divulged by servants,
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days,
and departed this life Nov. 28, 1768,
in the 54th year of his age.
William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone.
AS A WEEKLY MONITOR
to the surviving Wives of this parish,
that they may avoid the infamy
of having their memories handed down to posterity with a Patch-work Character.

The New Tragedian.—The debut of Mr. White has presented the novel spectacle of a young gentleman of ample fortune, and belonging to a society choice of the professions of its members, leaving the calm and captivating pleasures of a literary life, to mingle, as a prominent character, in the most arduous duties of a more than commonly arduous profession. The literary accomplishments which fame, with singular fidelity in his case, asserts him to possess, have, to the surprise of many, but to the gratification of a much larger number, been concentrated and brought to bear most successfully, upon a calling seldom chosen by those whom fortune has placed within reach of her favors. But in the history of every age of the world, we find instances of thousands, who, fired with a strong ambition, have sought for fame in avocations of even less equivocal reputation, spurning, as in scorn, the life of wealthy leisure they were born to.

So far as Mr. White has shown his powers as an actor, ample commendation has been given, yet not more than his real merits deserved. He came upon the public suddenly. First appearances have

become common things of late, and nothing more than that which is absolutely bearable is now looked for. But in this case, though a thin house was witness to his first attempt, surprise, the surprise of admiration, was imprinted on every countenance, and echoed from every tongue.

In manner, Mr. White has certainly selected Forrest as his model. The similarity was conspicuous in his Damon, and in fact was perceptible in all the characters he has yet performed. Even accuracy of imitation is at best a pitiful merit. One thing, however, no one seems to doubt—we mean his success. All accord him praise, and unite in saying that practice will make him perfect—and that, too, in far less time than ordinary talents require.

For ourselves, feeling equally sanguine of Mr. White's eventual and perfect triumph, we have only to suggest what in our opinion would be an imitation of Forrest worth descending to—procure an original tragedy, even if a premium must be given for it, and come before the public in a character at once new and undefiled by the slime of a generation of performers.

Fanny Wrightism.—Miss Fanny is spending the winter in the genial clime of the south, and if report may be believed, designs to transport a few slaves to one of the West India Islands before she returns to this city of brotherly love. During her absence, it might have been supposed that she was forgotten, and her dogmas scattered to the wind, but a valued correspondent of this paper, who is always on the watch for any sudden growth of idle opinions that have novelty enough to seduce, and speciousness to betray, informs us that some spirited male-women are completely inoculated with Wrightism, and are making bold strides towards asserting their rights to equality with the men in downright earnest. They assert that their understandings are as strong, and as susceptible of cultivation as those of our sex, and that the only way to prove it will be to make us preside at the tea-table, regulate the house-hold, and rule the nursery, while all the offices of state, and business of commerce, shall pass into the hands of the ladies. Public lectures are to be delivered in rotation to the men, in which they are to be told they have trampled the rights of the sex under foot long enough, and it is supposed very many reasonable gentlemen will come into their arrangements, and allow themselves to be stripped of their usurpations, confirmed to them by such long prescription, and such ancient prejudices. As education is the cause of all their degradation, one of the first steps of these modern amazons, we learn, is to be the establishment of a gymnasium, where the muscular exercises are to be taught in such a manner as to qualify the female pupils for soldiers and draymen. Fencing and boxing will succeed, followed by a course of logic and forensic oratory. Gunnery and fortification will complete the course, except those pupils who choose to pay extra for the acquirement of the true Wright manner of speech. These will be employed in exercising their organs so variously, that the most rattling and tremendous words will give them no pain in the utterance; and by being thus enabled to multiply sound, and ring changes on the same idea, they may fill every pulpit and theatre, and occupy every interval of conversation, to the entire exclusion of male importance.

The plan is not fully matured, or if it is we know not that it has been made public; but one feature of it we know to be an entire alteration in the mode of their dress, which is to be so constructed as to exhibit the full play of their muscles and proportions; and those who are destined for a military life, are to wear brass faces, after the fashion of the brass breast-plates of the Romans. In the article of food the strongest aliments are to be preferred, and the morning, noon, and evening repast is to consist entirely of solid meat, and marrow, diluted with home brewed ale. Tea is voted only fit to please the masculine effeminacy of male housewives. After meals, wrestling, quoits, cricket, hop-scotch and leap-frog, are to be freely indulged in. How the plan will succeed we must not anticipate. The fondness of the age for novelties and inversions is so great, that we, as prudent journalists, dare not

express an opinion beforehand, for fear of being in the minority, and of losing the patronage of the new men in power. We must wait in tranquil suspense until we see a regiment of female dragoons, and female watchmen, who will faithfully perform their rounds. For the present we may, however, confess our unwillingness to give up the exclusive, unalienable, and hereditary right of wearing inexpressibles, which has been transmitted to us through as long a line of ancestry as any privilege we enjoy, and which we hold as sacred as our property and our lives.

The Mint.—Although our limits do not admit of our republishing the majority of the lengthy reports which at this season of the year fairly inundate the press, we cannot refrain from inserting the annexed abridged account of the concerns of the Mint. The increase in its receipts of gold from Carolina is truly remarkable.

From the Report of the Director of the Mint, for 1829.

There have been coined,	
Half Eagles,	57,442 pieces, making \$287,210 00
Quarter do.	5,403 8,507 50
Half Dollars,	3,712,156 1,856,078 00
Dimes,	770,000 77,000 00
Half do.	1,230,000 61,500 00
Cents,	1,414,500 14,145 00
Half do.	437,000 2,435 00
	7,674,501 \$2,306,875 00

Of the amount of gold bullion, deposited at the Mint, within the last year, about \$131,000 were received from Mexico, South America, and the West Indies; \$22,000 from Africa; about \$12,000 from sources not ascertained; and the residue, about \$134,000, from North Carolina, and the adjacent states of South Carolina and Virginia. The proportion from North Carolina may be stated at 128,000; that from South Carolina, at 3,500, and that from Virginia, at 2,500.

The first notice of gold from North Carolina, on the records of the Mint, occurs in the year 1804, within which it was received to the amount of 11,000 dollars. It continued to be received during the succeeding years, until 1824, inclusive, in varying amounts, all inferior, however, to that of the year first mentioned, and on an average not exceeding 2,500 yearly. In 1824, the amount received was 5,000; in 1825, it had increased to 17,000; in 1826, it was 20,000; in 1827 about 21,000; and in 1828, nearly 40,000. In 1829, as above stated, it was 128,000.

This remarkable increase in the amount of gold received from North Carolina, during the years following 1824, has been considered of sufficient interest to be noted in the annual reports from the Mint, since that period. The circumstance will attract additional attention, from the fact now ascertained, that the gold region of the United States extends far beyond the locality to which it has heretofore appeared to be limited. Gold bullion was not received from Virginia, or South Carolina, until within the last year; or, if at all received, it has been in quantities too inconsiderable to have been specially noticed. The gold from all these localities is found, in its native state, to be, on an average, nearly of the same fineness as the standard of our gold coin.

FOR THE ARIEL. STANZAS.

Awake my lyre, nor idly rest,
This dreamy void no more endure;
Wake! and with renovated zest,
Strike some bold chords; seek thee a cure
For sorrow sought so long in vain,
Thy languor banish—the reward obtain!

Do the thorns of misfortune encompass me round?
Does falsehood malicious envenom each wound?
The friends of my childhood are true to me still,
They will cherish and love me through every ill.

Can the Muse cure all evils? We feel it, alas!
That her joys, like all pleasures, too quickly will pass:
Like youth's brilliant visions, they vanish away,
Not the softest breathed numbers can woo them to stay.
The friends of my childhood partake of my pain,
But relief for my sorrow they search for in vain.

Be still, my fond spirit, nor idly rebel,
Why, turbulent heart, thus continue to swell
With these sinful emotions? Why lift thyself up,
And with stubborn rebellion push from thee the cup
Which thy father presents thee? This chastening
Of thine
Is deserved—then submissively bow to its author
divine.
LAURENTIA.

LITERARY.

Another novel from the pen of Mr. Cooper is announced as being in preparation, under the title of *The Skimmer of the Sea*. His selection of another nautical subject may be considered judicious and well-timed—as many of the cockney critics are loud in their denunciations against his Indian characters. They call them mere duplicates of each other—say they are all the same thing over again, and that he can write about nothing else—thus establishing the old saw, that one may have too much of a good thing. No subject which Cooper can seize upon is so fresh and untrodden as a life at sea; and his long service as an officer in the navy peculiarly fits him to shine in touching it. Scott's *Pirate* was a mere daub to the *Pilot*.

The literary world in England is somewhat agitated by the appearance of Moore's *Life of Byron*, and the hirelings of the press are preparing for it as if the fortunes of the nation depended on its being well sold. The few extracts we have seen in the London papers, do not impress us very favourably for the work. Lord Byron is dead—his admirers are fastening their attention upon other things, growing older, and as is generally the case, care less for poetry, and more for solid reading—in short, Lord Byron is not now the idol of the day, and we much question whether the book will meet the ready sale which attended the publication of his poems. We present a short extract:

“By the death of the grandson of the old Lord at Corsica, in 1794, the only claimant, that had hitherto stood between little George and the immediate succession to the peerage, was removed; and the increased importance which this event conferred upon them was felt not only by Mrs. Byron, but by the young future Baron of Newstead himself. In the winter of 1797, his mother having chanced, one day, to read a part of a speech spoken in the House of Commons, a friend who was present said to the boy, ‘We shall have the pleasure some time or other, of reading your speeches in the House of Commons.’ ‘I hope not,’ was his answer; ‘if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords.’

“The title, of which he thus early anticipated the enjoyment, devolved to him but too soon. Had he been left to struggle on for ten years longer as plain George Byron, there can be little doubt that his character would have been, in many respects, the better for it. In the following year his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, having passed the latter years of his strange life in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion. It is said that the day after little Byron's accession to the title, he ran up to his mother and asked her, ‘whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a Lord, as he perceived none himself;—a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of ‘Dominus’ prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer ‘adum,’ he stood silent amid the general stare of his school fellows, and, at last, burst into tears.”

The Exclusives.—This is another of the batch of novels which the bad taste of Americans encourages the Harpers to republish, and which we are unable to say much about, as a hasty glance at its contents has been quite sufficient to convince us that it is not calculated for this meridian, nor worth a perusal. The New York American, whose critiques we have more than once had cause to admire, notwithstanding he had received a copy, is only able to say—

“THE EXCLUSIVES, a new publication by the Harpers, is a novel by a lady of rank, treating of London high life in its most exclusive circles. It is variously spoken of, we observe, in the London papers, some praising, and some depreciating the book. That it will be read, however, there is little doubt, for under feigned characters it affects to treat of real and well known personages—how successfully we are unable to say.”

The Edinburgh Review has been filling several pages with notices of American writers, confining its remarks principally to our living authors. Our distinguished literary men in the various departments of science, literature, and the arts, are spoken of in terms of commendation—which the approval of the world, however, had previously

accorded to them. Of Cooper, the reviewer observes:

“Mr. Cooper describes things to the life, but he puts no motion into them. While he is insisting on the minutest details, and explaining all the accompaniments of the incident, the story stands still. The elaborate accumulation of particulars serves not to embody his imagery, but to distract and impede the mind. He is not so much the master of his materials as their drudge. He labors under an epilepsy of the fancy. He thinks himself bound in his character of novelist to tell the truth. Thus, if two men are struggling on the edge of a precipice for life or death, he goes not merely into the vicissitudes of action and passion as the chances of the combat vary, but he stops to take an inventory of the geography of the place, the shape of the rock, the precise attitude and display of the limbs and muscles, with the eye of a sculptor. Mr. Cooper does not seem to be aware of the infinite divisibility of mind and matter; and that an ‘abridgement’ is all that is possible or desirable in the most individual representation. In the absence of subjects of real interest, men make themselves an interest out of nothing, and magnify mole-hills into mountains. This is not the fault of Mr. Cooper. He is always true, though sometimes tedious; and correct at the expense of being insipid. His *Pilot* is the best of his works; and, truth to say, we think it a master-piece in its kind. It has great unity of purpose and feeling. Every thing in it may be said

—“To suffer a sea-change

Into something new and strange.” His *Pilot* never appears but when the occasion is worthy of him, and when he appears, the result is sure. The description of his guiding the vessel through the narrow straight left for her escape, the sea-fight, and the incident of the white topsail of the English man-of-war appearing above the fog, where it is first mistaken for a cloud, are of the first order of graphic composition; to say nothing of the admirable episode of Tom Coffin, and his long figure coiled up like a rope in the bottom of the boat. The rest is common-place; but then it is American common-place. We thank Mr. Cooper he does not take every thing from us, and therefore we can learn something from him. He has the saving grace of originality. We wish we could impress it, “line upon line, and precept upon precept,” especially upon our American brethren, how invaluable that is. In art, in literature, in science, the least bit of nature is worth all the plagiarism in the world. The great secret of Sir Walter Scott's enviable, but unenvied success, lies in his transcribing from nature instead of transcribing from books.”

GOOD NIGHT.

The clock strikes ten: its warning sound
Repoves my long delay;
Yet who from scenes where bliss is found
Would wish to haste away?
And who would stop to count the hours
Where every path is strewn with flowers,
And beauteous prospects charm the sight!
Forgive my fault! Good night! good night!

And oh! if other words than these
A warmer wish convey,
My heart the welcome phrase would seize,
Its feelings to portray:
Whatever comfort nature knows,
Whatever blessing Heaven bestows,
May these thy peaceful heart invite
To constant joy. Good night! good night!

PARTING.... BY W. Roscoe, Esq.

How painful the hour that compels us to part
With the friends that we cherish, as gems of the heart!
But ah, more severe when the parting is told
With a voice unimpassioned, an aspect that's cold;
When the sigh meets no sigh from an answering breast,
When the hand pressing warmly vainly aces to be prest;
For then 'tis not absence alone we deplore,
But friendship decayed and affection no more.
From the friends that we love when we wander alone,
Our thoughts unexpressed, and our feelings unknown,
Whilst hope strives in vain through futurity's gloom
To destroy one bright moment in seasons to come,
But then if a sigh were but heard from the breast,
Of the hand pressing warm in requital be prest,
Some soft recollections will still be in store,
Though in parting we feel we may never meet more.

A WINTER SCENE.

Spring has her bursting flowers,
Her silver steamlets, and her soft blue skies—
Summer her leafy bowers—
And Autumn his ripe fruits and opal dyes.

But winter, stern and cold,
Few are the smiles that light his frowning gloom—
The snow, his mantle's fold,
And the black tempest cloud his streaming plume.

Yet, like the transient hours
Of human joy, or, in a desert land,
A spot of springs on flowers
The Arab meets with, journeying o'er the sand.

Sometimes a sunny day
Will come, with bounteous light and heaven of blue;
And airs like those of May,
Go wandering the wide horizon through.

'Tis morn, and warm and light,
The timid west wind melts along the air;
The sky is soft and bright,
With a pure wreath of clouds curl'd glittering [there.

Yon hill-side's sloping snow,
A spangled gauze of sparkling diamonds shines;
The frozen lake below
Flashes in dazzling spots or shifting lines.

And where the forests' fringe
Climbs deep and blackening to the mountain's crest,
Beneath the sunlight's tinge
The upland fields look out in glimmering rest.

As the west's breathings come
Amid the maple's crimson sprays on high,
There sounds a transient hum,
Like music of the bee swift darting by.

Where the soft southern air
The hill-slope leans, the noontide seems to sleep,
And melted snow streams there,
Glittering amid the brightening mosses creep.

The hazel branches spread,
Curled with their yellow tassels at my feet,
And towers above my head
The ever verdant pine, the forest's guide.

The snow bird, chirping low,
Lights restless on the birchen thicket sere;
The woodcock on the bough
In fitful pauses rolls its hatching near.

To-morrow's sun may bring
The massy volumes of the wintry storm;
The strong blast's hissing wing
May sweep along, to ruin and deform.

And this sweet smiling scene
Will turn to desolation cold again—
This peaceful forest lean
Shivering beneath the season's wrothed reign.

Thus, thus with life!—the cloud
Of wintry sorrows chills our hearts awhile,
Then, bursting through its shroud
Beams on our way one joy, one holy smile!

Again the tempest's gloom
Comes, with redoubled horror, frowning there:
Gone is the transient bloom,
And blacker seems thy wing, oh black Despair!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“Constantia” will in time make poetry good enough for Albums, and by possibility get into a Magazine. We recommend the following couplet to her especial notice:—

For still the peaser to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd the waters grow.

To “X. Y. Z.” we have only to say, that a watch-maker, though he can't make a shoe, can tell very well when one hurts his corns.

A disciple of Mr. Owen's whim-whams asks admission for his locubrations. We say promptly we have no space for such thread-bare subjects. If Mr. O. were in his senses we believe he would exclaim—

“Oh were I seated high as my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs,
And make them bow to creeds myself would laugh at.”

The story of the dead child has too many “clouds” in it. Glowing descriptions are not always the most agreeable. The mild radiance of the emerald is by no means less pleasing than the flush of the ruby.

“J. A. Jr.” is too new and raw.

From the Sporting Magazine.
ALBERT NEWSMAN,
 THE DEAF AND DUMB ORPHAN BOY.

Soon after the establishment of the Pennsylvania Institution for the deaf and dumb, in Philadelphia, in 1820, information was communicated to the gentlemen most active in its concerns, that two *mutes* had arrived in this city, whose condition entitled them to notice and assistance.—They were accordingly sought for, and found at an obscure inn on the wharf, near Market street; one of these strangers was an adult, the other a boy about ten years old.

Some surprise was excited by the ability of the man to write, but as he represented that he had been taught in the school of the Abbe Sicard at Paris, and as his style of writing was marked by the peculiarities of the deaf and dumb in the earlier stages of their education; and as, moreover, every attempt to throw him off his guard, by sudden questions or loud and unexpected noise, failed of their object, suspicion was completely lulled. The natural privations of his artless companion, whom he represented to be his brother, could not for a moment be questioned; and after some persuasion he consented to leave the boy at the institution until his return from Richmond, in Virginia, where he pretended to be going, in order to recover a sum of money due to the estate of their father. He was furnished with a complete suit of clothes, and with means to defray his travelling expenses, and took his departure for Richmond, leaving the boy behind him; since then nothing has been heard of his movements, though circumstances have transpired which leave no doubt of his being an impostor.

The subject of this notice became an object of deeper sympathy and interest when it was discovered that he had been the associate, and probably the dupe of so unprincipled an individual, and every effort was therefore made to trace his history. It was long, however, before his mind could be reached by questions, or his ideas become so far developed as to enable him satisfactorily to reply. His first communication, as to his former residence, was a rude drawing representing a town on the margin of a river, which, after many unsuccessful efforts to determine the original, was recognized by an accidental visitor to be Steubenville in Ohio.—Soon after the discovery a gentleman from that place was taken to the institution, and immediately designated the boy as Albert Newsam, the son of a boatman on the Ohio, who had been drowned. Of his other relations he could give no account, nor has any information been subsequently obtained. From Albert, himself, it has been ascertained that the person in whose company he first appeared, was not a relative, but had enticed him from his home, probably with a view to aid him in imposing on the charitable and benevolent.

Albert passed through a regular course of education at the Pennsylvania Institution, and made respectable progress in all the branches of learning to which his attention was directed. The evidences he furnished of a natural talent for copying, attracted the notice of Mr. Childs, the engraver, who generously offered to receive him as a pupil. For more than two years his time had almost exclusively been devoted to drawing, under Mr. Childs's direction, with a success not merely extraordinary in one so young, and laboring under such serious disadvantages, but which entitle him to high rank in the art. A considerable number of his drawings have been purchased by gentlemen of the greatest taste and judgment both in Europe and this country.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER.

*L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois: c'est en premiers,
 Les amours qui suivent sont moins volontaires!*
La Bruyere.

How shall I woo her?—I will stand
 Beside her when she sings;
 And watch that fine and fairy hand
 Flit o'er the quivering strings:
 And I will tell her, I have heard,
 Though sweet her song may be,
 A voice, whose every whispered word
 Was more than song to me!

How shall I woo her?—I will gaze
 In sad and silent trance,
 On those dark eyes, whose liquid rays
 Look love in every glance:
 And I will tell her, eyes more bright
 Though bright her own may beam,
 Will fling a deeper spell to-night
 Upon me in my dream.

How shall I woo her?—I will try
 The charms of olden time,
 And swear by earth, and sea, and sky,
 And rave in prose and rhyme;—
 And I will tell her, when I bent
 My knee in other years,
 I was not half so eloquent—
 I could not speak for tears!

How shall I woo her?—I will bow
 Before the holy shrine;
 And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
 And press her lips to mine:
 And I will tell her, when she parts
 From passion's thrilling kiss,
 That memory to many hearts
 Is dearer far than bliss.

Away! Away! the chords are mute,
 The bond is rent in twain;—
 You cannot wake that silent lute,
 Nor clasp those links again;
 Love's toil I know is little cost,
 Love's perjury is lighter sin;
 But souls that lose what I have lost—
 What have they left to win?

POETICAL ENIGMAS.

If it be true, as Welchmen say,
 Honor depends on pedigree,
 Then stand by, clear the way,
 Ye haughty sons of gore,
 And ye the seed of old Glendore,
 And let me have fair play.

For though ye boast from ages dark
 Your pedigree from Noah's ark,
 Painted on parchment nice,
 I'm older still, though I was there,
 As first I did appear
 With Eve in paradise.

For I was Adam, Adam I,
 And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
 In spite of wind and weather.
 —But mark me; Adam was not I,
 Neither was Mrs. Adam, I,
 Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking:
 With all my heart; yet if there walking,
 There ends all simile;
 For though I've tongue, and often talk,
 And legs, yet when I walk,
 It puts an end to me.

Not such an end, but that I've breath;
 Therefore to such a kind of death
 I make but small objection;
 For soon again I come in view:
 And though a Christian, yet it's true
 I die by resurrection.

Begotten and born, and dying with noise,
 The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;
 Like the fictions of poets concerning the wind,
 I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
 For silver or gold I don't trouble my head,
 But all I delight in is pieces of lead,
 Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
 Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
 One property more I would have you remark;
 No lady was ever more fond of a spark:
 Whenever I get one, my soul's all on fire,
 I roar out my joy, and in transports expire.

I'm most conspicuous, though I'm form'd to hide;
 I'm still of use, e'en when I'm laid aside;
 I aid the viewer, yet obstruct the sight,
 And love the day, though set against the light:
 From Italy I take my name and birth;
 And now my offering's spread o'er all the earth:
 Though different forms I take, I'm mostly seen,
 True to one color, nature's favorite green.



THE OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for us,
 Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Her even carriage is as free from coyness
 As from immodesty;—in play, in dancing,
 In suffering courtship, in requiring kindness,
 In use of places—hours—and companies,
 Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;
 As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
 And constant as the centre to observe them.
Chapman.

Till Pliny's time, of all professions, that of physic,
 As gainful as it was, was the only one no Roman
 Had followed, because they believed it below them.
—Rollin.

COMPLAINT.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;
 Men help thee most, that think thou hast no need;
 But if the world once thy misfortune know,
 Thou soon shalt lose a friend, and find a foe.
Randolph.

PHYSIC.—What contributed most to bring Esculapius
 Into vogue as a physician, was his luckily
 Meeting a man that his friends were going to inter,
 In whom he found some remains of life, and whom
 He restored to perfect health.—*Rollin.*

BENEVOLENCE.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast.
Goldsmith.

Most of the miseries of life undoubtedly result
 From our straying from the path which leads to
 content.—*Anon.*

FIRST LOVE.

In joyous youth what soul hath never known,
 Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
 Who hath not paused, while beauty's pensive eye
 Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
 Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame,
 The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Campbell.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs
 nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand and
 sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before
 we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and
 sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick
 needs a great many more of the same kind to make
 it good.—*Anon.*

VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
 Earth's highest station ends in—"Here he lies!"
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
Young.

ANOTHER.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Blair's Grave.

Those who without knowing us, think evil of us,
 do us no harm; it is not us they attack, it is the
 phantom of their imagination.—*La Bruyere.*

MORNING—ITS POWER.

Morn wakes the christian's zeal, the sage's fire,
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre.
Agg's Ocean Harp.

RELIGION.—How it dignifies and elevates the
 human character; how it illustrates the truths of
 christianity; how it amplifies the views of philosophy!—*Dr. Moore.*

PATRIOTISM.

Judge me not ungentle,
 Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
 If when the public safety is in question,
 My zeal flows warm and gentle from my tongue.
Rowe.

A COINCIDENCE.—In Duncombe's celebrated
 tragedy of Junius Brutus, written probably a century
 ago, may be found the following couplet—

Manhood are all by nature free and equal,
 'Tis their consent alone gives just dominion.
 Could the author of the Declaration of Independence
 have borrowed the idea of the first line? Though the
 phraseology is varied, he has preserved the sentiment—and
 what is more remarkable, the idea which is contained in the
 last line, is also to be found in that celebrated state paper.
 Sir Walter Scott denies that such coincidences as these,
 amount to plagiarism.

QUACKS.

Out you impostors!
 Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks, your skill
 Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.
Massey.

THOUGHTS.—He who thinks no man above him
 but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice,
 can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong
 place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below
 him, and pity those above him.—*Tattler.*

PUNISHMENT.

The land wants such
 As dare with vigor execute the laws;
 Her festered members must be lanc'd and tented;
 He's a bad surgeon, that for pity spares
 The part corrupted till the gangrene spread,
 And all the body perish: he that's merciful
 Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
Muse's Looking Glass.

GRATITUDE.—Cicero calls gratitude the mother
 of virtues; reckons it the most capital of all duties;
 and uses the words grateful and good as synonymous
 terms, and inseparably united in the same character.
—Middleton's Cicero.

HONOR.—True honor will pay treble damages,
 rather than justify one wrong by another.—*Wm. Penn.*

MISFORTUNE.

O! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
 O'erblown misfortunes shall still prove the last;
 Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
 Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
 Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
Young.

MEMORY.—This remarkable and blessed power
 of the mind—the power to call up long-departed
 scenes and events—has been a favorite theme for
 the illustrative pen of poets in all ages of the
 world. Even whole volumes have been written
 upon its "Pleasures." Goldsmith says,

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
 Its ability to produce feelings of a totally different
 kind from those described by Goldsmith, is finely
 exhibited in the extract from Rogers's Pleasures of
 Memory—

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
 Condemned to climb his mountains cliffs no more:
 If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
 Which on those hills his infant hours beguiled,
 Melts at the long lost scenes, that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

VIRTUE.

Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy;
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
Dr. Johnson.

DEVOTED LOVE.—There is one sentiment in
 Moore's exquisite and popular poem, "Come rest
 in this bosom," to which every heart, possessed of
 even ordinary tenderness and feeling, cannot fail to
 breathe a sincere response. It may be doubted if so
 much pathetic tenderness of thought and feeling,
 united to so much poetic excellence, has ever been
 embodied in so small a compass before—

O! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
 Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame!
 I knew not, I ask'd not if guilt's in that heart—
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

FLATTERY.—What a blot is it upon the memory
 of Alexander, that he could be so weak as to be
 pleased with his courtiers imitating his wry neck.
—Locke.

If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that
 painful dreams are avoided. If, while we sleep,
 we can have any pleasing dreams, it is, as French
 authors say, so much added to the pleasures of life,
 which at best are very few.—*Lavater.*

PUBLISHED

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
 BY EDMUND MORRIS,
 AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
 NO. 95½ CHESTNUT STREET, UPSTAIRS,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 Price, \$1.50 yearly.—Payable in advance.